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and they brought forth from her a fine boy and he lived, but as for Hassan's wife, she died in the pangs and labour of childbirth. Then Hassan asked the slave Ahmed to enquire if there was any woman in the caravan who could nurse the boy, but Ahmed returned and said: Master, we of this caravan are now only of one sex, for those women who were amongst us are dead, and even the camels are not in milk.

Hassan's heart was full of grief and he thought: My beloved wife is dead and now my son will die, and he ordered Ahmed: Dig a tomb and place in it my wife and my son. Ahmed said: Master, will you, then, bury a living boy? Hassan answered: Is there, then, milk in your breast that you will nurse him? Rather should we leave him to the will of God. So the slave Ahmed dug a tomb and he placed in it the woman and the boy, and the boy still lived.

In the morning after they had buried those who had died of the sickness the caravan marched on, and they came to the valley of Faratos, where they camped for the night. The sickness had not departed from them, and the night was filled with the screams of the dying. And the Prince of the Caravan fell sick and he died on that very night.

And in the morning the slave Ahmed looked around him and he saw that he was the only one of that company to rise from the ground to say the morning prayer, and as for the rest of them they were all in the stillness of death. The slave Ahmed collected the camels and the bags of money and supplies, and he tied the body of his master to a camel, for he thought: It is fitting that the Prince of the Caravan should complete the Pilgrimage.

The slave Ahmed loaded the camels and set out on the road to Mecca, and he arrived there after a journey free